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VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JANUARY 25,

1862.

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Fine Gold and Silver Watches Cheap for Cash.
MUSICAL BOXES REPAIRED.

Attention Company!
Volunteers who expect to retain their health unimpaired during the campaign, must see to it themselves, do not trust to the Army Surgeons, supply yourselves with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT. Every English Soldier's Knapsack contains them, only 25 cents per Box or Pot.

Extracts from Chas. Stokes' Continental Almanac.

What is the difference between Independence Hall, on Chestnut Street below Sixth, and Chas. Stokes' "one-price" clothing store, Chestnut below Ninth?—ANS. About three squares.

Why is a lover who composes a pretty sonnet to the features of his "object" like a soldier?—ANS. Because he knows how to write about face.

What great GOOD is advanced by the publications of illustrated works similar to Stokes' Illustrated Almanac?—ANS. Scatchard GOOD, the Engraver.

Why is Stokes' Illustrated Almanac for 1862 like a well-appointed butcher shop?—ANS. Because it is made attractive by its fine CUTS.

Why are the wood engravings in Stokes' Almanac like the ships of war at present on the Southern coast?—ANS. Because they are block aids to his business.

Why is a Southern planter like a Prussian nobleman?—ANS. Because he dwells near the Black Oder.

Why should the soldiers outside the walls of Fortress Monroe be convicted for counterfeiting?—ANS. Because they are making wooden "quarters."

Why is a "Revolver" like a volunteer with the measles?—ANS. Because he is SICK SHOOTER.

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ELEVATED STATE OF LITTLE FRANKY, TO WHOM PAPA HAS JUST PRESENTED ONE OF THE NEW-FASHIONED ROCKING-HORSES, WITH A GOOD, STRONG SPRING.

LEX TALIONIS.

Recrimination is not much to our taste; it having never appeared to the serene and well-regulated mind of VANITY FAIR that two wrongs can, by any mathematics, make one right. But whereas Bull is just now particularly blatant and most decidedly and especially critical upon American Society, which he represents as rather under the average of the polite circles of polished Dahomey, why we think it right to remind him, if we haven't been able to roar to absolute perfection, that his own flight too has been limited, and that he needn't if it is any inconvenience to him—and we should think it would be—set himself up as a model to the nations. VANITY FAIR has this week taken the trouble to invest a small portion of its immense profits in the purchase of a bundle of British newspapers, and has devoted a few anxious and laborious hours to their perusal. As the result of this reading, though Bull may be the most beautiful, benevolent, pious and peaceable beast in the whole world's zoology, yet VANITY FAIR don't see it—no, sir! don't see it, even with the most charitable pair of eyes in the world. Suppose VANITY FAIR gives a little summary of its studies!

The London Times, Dec. 28, 1861. A particularly unclean case of "inquiry into the state of mind of Mr. W. F. WINDHAM, of Felbrigg-hall, Norfolk," full of profanity, and general, coarse detail—and such detail as we don't think any of our neighbors, at either of the three corners would have published—and that is saying a great deal.

2. Various cases of insolvency and bankruptcy, in every one of which the man was white-washed, although in every one of them he was proved to be a cheat and a swindler.

3. Two cases of infanticide both committed by the same young woman under horrible circumstances.

4. One letter from Mr. WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, American Correspondent, which is rather worse than the infanticides.

5. One article on Mr. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, which is rather worse than Mr. RUSSELL'S letter.

6. Four columns of general editorial abuse of America.

7. One execution of a soldier for killing his sergeant.

Bell's Life in London, Dec. 29th, 1861. A nine-columned catalogue of winning race-horses in 1861.

2. Twenty advertisements of swindling race-horse prophets.

3. Five announcements of "Fights to Come."

4. One account of the gallant fight between "CHARLEY LYNCH and GEORGE HOLDEN," very particular and very bloody.

5. Seventeen advertisements of prize-fighters who keep taverns, with sparring and malt liquor—of which establishments, we particularly notice that of JACK TOOTELL, who announces that "the taps both liquid and pugilistic, continue to give general satisfaction."

6. One sanguinary murder with all the particulars.

REYNOLD'S (Sunday) *Newspaper*, December 29th, 1861.

1. One "Desperate Encounter with a Night Robber, in the Island of Jersey."

2. Fifteen cases of "Poaching" tried at the Oxford Assizes, under what the popular REYNOLDS calls "the Iniquitous Game Laws."

3. Reports of the Great Strike of the Builders.

4. Leading Article complaining that Divorces are very expensive.

5. Dreadful Divorce Case in High Life, with a full account of the trial.

6. Charming Leading Article on the "Anglo-American Difficulty," complaining of "the insane passion and idiot statesmanship" of America.

7. Abduction of two children at Dundalk, by JOHN MURPHY, Esq. Member of Parlament.

8. Shocking murder of a child by its mother at Brighton.

Now, suppose that with these frightfully sufficient materials, we should sit down, and being full of all uncharitableness, should grind out a leading article on English Society, would it not be something like the following:

The lacerating tidings which reach us by the last British mails, exhibit a repulsive picture of vice, anarchy, want, dissipation, bankruptcy and social and commercial corruption. Prize-fighting, that bloody relic of the barbarous ages, with its hideous spectacle of ensanguined noses, and black eyes, with its slang nomenclature and its disgusting details, continues to flourish. Several fights "to come" are announced, and several have already taken place, while the wretched revelry of low taverns continues to be winked at by the Police. To prevent the half-murders of the Ring, the Government has shown itself utterly inefficient. We wish this were all. But other murders are continually taking place, in which no halfway work is made; murders of children by their parents, of parents by their children, of wives by their husbands and of husbands by their wives. Not a newspaper is issued in England which fails to contain the wretched record of an assassination. Meanwhile, the Courts of Justice are busy with domestic scandals, from which the highest classes of British society are no more exempted than the lowest; and lawyers are engaged in the lucrative work of collecting damages and of arranging separations. Burglaries increase, as well as murders and actions of *crim. con.* The house is no safer than the highway; and neither appears to be safe, without perpetual recourse to the bludgeon and the blunderbuss. To public vice, we are compelled to add private dishonesty; and long columns of insolvents enfilade the gazette. Wages are at the lowest point, and in payment of their labor or their idleness, thousands of desperate and hungry men have betaken themselves to a persistent and determined violation of the game-laws.

To one cause, and to that only, are these disturbances and excesses to be attributed. What was the ministry doing, we ask, while CHARLES LYNCH and GEORGE HOLDEN were pounding each other out of all semblance to humanity? Why doesn't the Lord Chief Justice suppress race-course gambling! Why doesn't the Home Secretary suppress murder? Why doesn't the Police suppress prize fights and burglaries, and rapes and wife beating? We answer—we reluctantly answer, because they are all asses, and poor idiots and knaves and incapables—because they have neither courage nor ability, neither efficiency nor will.

Under these circumstances, news of the overthrow of the British Constitution may come to us by any steamer. It cannot last, it cannot continue, it cannot remain, it must depart, it must disappear—and its ruin will be the ripe result of its own rascality.

There! we rather than else think that we should have a right to print something like that; but we hope we should be too much of a gentleman to do it.

Ruby Wine.

A singular case of smuggling was brought up before the United States District Court on Tuesday last, the Government evidence on which tended to show that a box of jewelry had been found concealed in a cask of wine in one of the bonded warehouses. By comparing this circumstance with the head-line of our paragraph, the reader will see that there may be truth as well as poetry in an epithet bestowed ages ago upon the juice of the grape, by bacchanalian bards.

A Nice Distinction.

The soldier who fights may indeed be said to belong to the Army. The soldier who runs away should rather be considered as belonging to the Leggy.

FRIGHTFUL STRATAGEM.

IT IS ANNOUNCED THAT THE CANADIAN MILITIA ARE TO BE PUT INTO THE UNIFORM OF THE BRITISH REGULARS, IN ORDER TO FRIGHTEN THE YANKEES, WHO, ACCORDING TO CANADIAN AUTHORITIES, CAN STAND ANYTHING BUT THAT!!

"A Light and Genteel Business."

We saw it stated in a Southern journal, not long since, that the Cabinet at the Confederate capital has determined" to leave no stone unturned for means to prosecute successfully the war for Southern rights."

Now that the Stone hulks are oozily sleeping down at the bottom of Charleston channel, this will be a pretty tough job, we guess, and one to be carried out only by the employment of Diver's stratagems.

The True Harbormasters.

Notice has been given in the Senate, of "bill to amend the Harbormaster's act."

Now, the only Harbormaster's Act we know of, that is worth a peppercorn, is that famous one of choking up Charleston in the Harbormasterly style peculiar to ancient whalers loaded to the gunwale with big stones—an Act which, with all due deference to the Senate, we hardly think that they can amend.

Contented Minds.

Several of the Members of Congress are quite resigned to the expected passage of the bill preventing them from Franking their letters, as it does not provide against their Expressing their views.

"Th' Imminent, Deadly Breach."

The Breach of privilege scrape into which Alderman BRADY has got himself with the State Legislature.

Maxim of Privateer Law.

Render to Seizer the things that are Seizer's.

"CL'AR DE KITCHEN!"

"Too many Cooks," says the adage, "spoil the Broth."

We have rather too many Cooks.

Therefore, our fat is very likely to get into the fire.

We have, firstly, an Army of Cooks, over six hundred thousand in number, who understand their business, are directly in the cooking line, and neither need nor want any outside help or interference.

They can cook JEFFERSON DAVIS's goose without assistance.

Then we have the corps of Editorial Cooks . . . terrible fellows of the blood-thirsty stamp, who skewer the raw rebels with deadly steel pens, every morning; hang privateersmen diurnally, upon leaded lines, and base traitors unmercifully in each edition.

Then we have the Congressional Cooks, who not only get eggs into hot water, but hatch them also, and serve up the chickens thence derived. They pepper all their preparations very highly, and generally succeed in dishing everthing they undertake. The favorite pepper of the Congressional, as well as the Editorial, Cook of a certain stripe is very black and very strong . . . a sort of Nigger pepper, in a word.

Now, the worst feature of all this cooking, is that the two latter classes . . . the Congressional and Editorial . . . spend all their time, otherwise valuable, in poking their noses into the legitimate Army cookery. They cry for changes that they know nothing about, and seem anxious to convert every *plat* into a stew or a broil. Meanwhile, their own exertions . . . especially as manifested in that pestilent nest of meddling Cooks, the House of Representatives . . . result only in a stupendous loaf.

Mr. STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, asks, "Has it come to this, that the House is only a Registrar of Executive edicts, and is merely to vote men and money?"

Mr. CONKLING, of New York, asks, "do we intend to be accomplices in trampling upon personal rights?"

Mr. LOVEJOY, of Illinois, asks, in effect, "Are not the Nigger and the House the two most important elements of the War?"

Whereupon these precious Cooks instantly go into a long and spicy debate upon the important question of the personal feelings of Messrs. QUINN, STEVENS, DUNN, LOVEJOY, MALLORY and WICKLIFFE, toward the Nigger.

The Editorial Cooks, lovingly acting in concert with their dear Congressional brethren, take up the cry, and say:

"The debate in the House, to-day, on ROSCOE CONKLING'S resolution in regard to the Ball's Bluff disaster, was exceedingly animated, and indicates the spirit which the Administration will meet, from this time forth, in the Republican ranks."

Then we beg that "the Republican ranks" may be suppressed, as an intolerable nuisance.

The Army, indirectly controlled by the Executive, has just as much opposition as it needs. That opposition is one of bayonets and black-muzzled columbiads, pointing across the Potomac toward Washington; and if "the Republican ranks" contemplate attacking MCCLELLAN in the rear, and thereby aiding and abetting the Rebel ranks, we earnestly adjure the Secretary of State to treat Messrs. LOVEJOY, STEVENS, *et al.* in accordance with the laws made and provided to cover such cases. VALLANDIGHAM, the known and transparent Secessionist, has done less mischief in Congress than these secret and underhand sympathizers with the old Abolition war-cry of "No Union with slaveholders."

We hope, therefore, that General MCCLELLAN will continue, as heretofore, to give the Cooks of Congress and the Press just as much or as little information and explanation as he sees fit; and that, when they are left out in the cold for attempting to get a finger in the pie, they may make themselves as happy with their Nigger as circumstances will permit.

For too many Cooks spoil the Broth.

And we have, at present, rather too many Cooks.

Pater and Pater's Son.

Most folks believe we lost Bull Run
By fault of General PATTERSON.
And now his eldest hope, how queer!
As a reward's made Brigadier!
This way of paying for defeat
The cause thereof is rather neat.
But let us trust—excuse the pun—
The youth won't turn out *Pater's son.*

"THE PHILISTINES ARE UPON THEE, SAMPSON!"

WHICH MAY HERE BE INTERPRETED THAT CERTAIN POWERS OF EUROPE WOULD LIKE TO COME DOWN UPON UNCLE SAM WHILE THE SOUTHERN DELILAH HAS HER SCISSORS TO HIS LOCKS!

RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING;

—OR—

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

By McArone.

CHAPTER VII.

"She is not here!" cried Peter, turning pale.

"That's so," said Rantanquero.

Then clutching Peter by the scruff of the neck, he shook him till the loose change flew out of his pockets.

There wasn't much of it . . . he had been in the Confederacy for some time.

"Scoundrel!" roared the Don; "produce her this instantly! Fetch her out! Would'st thou, base villian, that I should slew thee?"

"Not any," remarked Peter; "but by jingo, Don, I do' know where she's went!"

The enraged Don would probably have incarnadined his mawleys in Peter's life-blood, had not the door just then been darkened by a sylph-like form . . .

The form of Glorianna!

"'Tis he-e-e?" she shrieked.

"'Tis she-e-e-e! Ha ha!" yelled Rantanquero.

They hugged.

The young lieutenant of Light Quadroons now entered, and explained that he had found Glorianna weeping alone in her dungeon. She could hear the crash of shot and shell, the falling of walls, and the roar of cannon outside, and was frightened. She knew that somebody was raising thunder, but couldn't make out what it was all about. Naturally, she felt timid, and lonesome, so when the lieutenant came, she proposed that they should go out shopping, as it was a fine day, He gladly accompanied her, and they had just returned.

"Take off thy things, sweet Love." said the Don, "and sit thee down by me. I have much to tell thee."

She drew a chair, and with the winning grace peculiar to the human species and others, showed her husband the purchases she had made.

Amongst them was a love of a bonnet, which, though it is destined to play no prominent part in this story, still merits a word of description.

The body was of grilled muslin, embroidered with *taches de sang* in iron-gray taffetas, with a ribbon *aux dindons*, fringed with polka spot, wreathed over the top and falling upon a *mauve* satinet cape in two tassels of *bric-a-brac* velvet. This was considered very chaste in Mobile. The inside ornaments were sunflowers and hollyhocks, of peach-blossoms flannel, *au mœlle-de-bœuf*, and the strings were thunder-and-lightning *moire-antique* ribbon, trimmed with potato-colored chintz.

While Glorianna was prattling away with all the artless naïveté of Gaylord Clarke's "two-year-old" contributors, Peter was examining the doors and windows.

"I think I'd better go;" said he; "I guess I've got an engagement, or something."

"No you don't!" said the Don, sternly. "Don't think to play no points on me, young man. Revenge is sweet. You are my prisoner!"

So Peter remained, while the young lieutenant went out to see what he could pick up.

A great many nice things are to be found lying around loose, after a city has been stormed; but we wish it understood that we do not mention this as an inducement for people to volunteer.

Mobile is one of the oldest and richest of all Southern towns. It was built by the Romans, under the Emperor Pompeius Gracchus von Schlackenheimfler, who used to edit the *New Jersey Standard*, and was intended for a port of entry for the Canadian India-trade. There were, consequently, a number of banks, exchange-offices, and jewelry-stores there; so the young lieutenant made out pretty well.

While the fun was going on outside, Don Rantanquero and his wife exchanged words of love, etc., in the dungeon, and Peter was tortured by being compelled to listen. At length, when the Don's back was turned, Glorianna happened to go into an inner chamber, to mix a brandy cocktail for her husband, and the crafty Rebel seized the opportunity right deftly. He slipped on the lady's new bonnet and shawl that lay on an *étagere* and tapped the Don on the shoulder.

"My love," said he, feigning Glorianna's voice; "I am going after the evening papers for you. I will return anon."

"*Au revoir*," said Don Rantanquero, and actually kissed his perfidious enemy without suspecting the ruse. He noticed, however, that there was a flavor of tobacco about the kiss, that he had not before observed; but concluded that his wife had taken to chewing to relieve the *ennui* of imprisonment.

Peter walked out, then, unobstructed, and going to a bank where Glorianna was known, borrowed seven thousand dollars in her name. He then went to Huntsville, where he found Beauregard, strongly intrenched.

The General soon learned that Peter had some money, and got him to play Mississppi brag till every dollar had changed hands.

This is an awful warning to all who are prone to buck against the raging tiger.

Meanwhile, the Don could hardly believe his eyes when he saw Glorianna emerge from the other room with two cocktails, fragrant and strengthy; one for him and one for herself.

"Back so soon?" asked he; "why, I saw you not, when you entered."

"I've not been out," said she.

"Hah! I doubt some foul play! Where is Pe-ee-eter!"

"My bonnet! O! I see it all!"

They fainted.

The brandy cocktails, however, revived them.

They talked it over, and felt better, soon; when Glorianna sang the following song, which she had composed during her captivity:

Air.—"*Gobbler in de bean-patch.*"

I.

The Rebels cannot hope to beat;
I think, without a doubt,
(As vulgar boys say in the street,)
Secession is 'played out;'
Once more the stormy flag shall wave
Unstained o'er land and sea,
With its high, its low, its pummadiddle nat-bang
sollygoggle jamboree!

II.

My hus-iband is galliant and
My hus-iband is gay;
When e'er he takes a warlike stand
The Rebels run away;
He laughs a laugh of scornful wrath
To see the cowards flee,
With their high, their low, their pummadiddle nat-bang, sollygoggle jamboree!

A SKETCH IN WASHINGTON MARKET.

Culprit.—"Is it stole the chicken, now?—Arrah what sort of a Policeman are ye at all, at all, not to know a monnymanniac from a thief!"

STARTLING AND INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

Last week a young man of regular habits, and not given to excitement of any kind, was suddenly seized while seated in the extension room of his father's house, with violent twitchings from head to foot. He turned deathly pale, his hands grasped at the pervading atmosphere, his eye-balls revolved like young moons, his silken hair stood up and stared in amazement, his teeth chattered vigorously, and his fine Italian nose began to twirl fearfully.

This state of things naturally alarmed the friends of the unfortunate young gentleman, and fears were at first expressed that he had become "possessed."

Physicians were summoned from all the great hospitals, and after close attention to the case, the learned practitioners succeeded in restoring the patient to his normal condition, though much weakened in several places. His explanation of the cause of his sudden and startling spasm was at once eagerly sought and given. It seems the young man was reading a magazine—probably not the *Continental*—when all of a sudden he saw hidden beneath a four inch American word, the ghost of a pun, staring him right in the face. He knew positively that hitherto no pun had ever been supposed to be concealed in the folds of this polysyllable; hence his surprise and subsequent fright. The young man himself admits that he was never so badly scared before, and he deems it miraculous that he did not afford a funeral, instanter.

Fluttered.

The "Rooks" of the contract system by Massachusetts Dawes.

Don Rantanquero joined in the chorus of the lyric with emotion; and thus the happy hours sped, till hunger warned them it was time for grub.

The young lieutenant and Baron von Kowhingen dropped in to dine with them, and the evening passed in the most brilliant festivities. Sparkling wines and dainty viands bestrewed the groaning board. Tom Bailey, the warrior-bard, was present, and wrote a poem about it, in which he speaks of:

"A slab like a gate on four eagle-talons . . .
. . . . . A porcine dish, o'er which in many a cluster
Grapes hung plum down, dead-ripe and without bluster:
A lemon cut in them delicious slices;
A cake that seemed Moses's work in spices;
Two China cups with old rum juleps sunny,
And inside chocolate as rich as money," etc.

It is thought, from this, that it must have been a very tidy feed.

When it grew, late, the guests departed, and as all had partaken freely of the insidious bowl, the Don endeavored to see some of them home. They had been gone about twenty minutes, when Glorianna was startled by the hasty re-appearance of the lieutenant.

"Madame!" he cried." "your . . . your husband! . . .
"What of him? . . . speak! . . ."
"He is dead . . .

J. B., His Life and Times.

The Autobiography of James Buchanan is announced by his former friend, the *Herald*. We would suggest to Mr. Buchanan that autobiographies of *really* great men are little more than tolerable, and advise him to make use of the following formula, which will eminently well express all that the public cares to know:

I was born some time ago, but I know not why . . .
I have lived . . . I hardly know either how or where . . .
Sometime or another, I suppose, I shall die;
But where, how, or when, I neither know nor care!

Philadelphia's Favorite Annual.

Mint.

THE SHARP-SHOOTER'S LOVE.

I.

The finest friend I ever knew,
And one with whom I dare not trifle;
Who, in all danger sees me through,
Whose Aim is ever good and true,
Is my sweet Minnie Rifle.

II.

She gently rests upon my arm,
Is always ready, always willing;
And though, in general, somewhat calm,
Wakes up, upon the first alarm
To show she can be Killing.

III.

And she is very fair to see,
The most fastidious fancy suiting;
Her Locks are bright as they can be,
And that her Sight is good, to me
Is just as sure as Shooting.

IV.

Though used to many a fiery spark
She's never careless in her pleasure;
She always aims to hit the mark,
And when her voice the Southrons hark
They find she's no Secesher.

V.

The heaviest Load seems not to weigh
Upon her more than 'twere a trifle;
She's highly Polished; and I'd pray,
Were I bereft of friends this day,
"O, leave me Minnie Rifle!"

HORSE, FOOT, AND ARTILLERY.

It might be looked upon as carrying the thing to excess, were the series of papers published for some months past in this journal, under the title of "HARDEE made Easy," to be still continued under that caption. Partly owing to the secessional nature of HARDEE, and partly to the monotonous character of his work upon tactics, it became a necessity with the writer of the articles in question to be very careful in excluding from them any reference to that man and that book. Drill is a bore under any circumstances; a respect, certainly, in which it does not differ much from anything else that has got to be done and no mistake whether you like or not. But when a bore takes airs upon itself, and demands that it be dressed up with ribbons and poked with obtrusive gaiety into the public eye, it is about time to begin to think of suppressing it. "HARDEE's Tactics" is exactly that kind of bore; in consideration of which we are not going to make any further attempt at dressing it up with ribbons, and poking it with obtrusive gaiety into the public eye, but, on the contrary, have come to the conclusion of suppressing it herewith. It will be good of the courteous reader, then, to consider all that we have written under the title of "HARDEE," for some months past, as belonging properly to the wider field of "Horse, Foot, and Artillery," under which head-line we shall henceforth furnish such observations upon the subject of war, in all its branches, as may be suggested to us by passing events and by-gone conclusions.

To begin, then, if our ordnance men do not look sharp, the South will cut us out in the matter of artillery. There is an awful report of a great gun down there. The Baton Rouge *Advocate* says that, powder being scarce in Louisiana, people in that section have taken to using air as a substitute for it. The same remark applies to provisions in the same quarter, we believe, although the B. R. A. does not say anything about *that*. Resulting from this, a great air-gun mounted upon a steam-carriage is now rushing wildly about the neighborhood of Baton Rouge, behaving itself after the manner of the Irishman who trails his coat after him through the market-place, in his well-known act of "spoiling for a fight." Indeed, this locomotive arrangement appears to resemble the Irishman in more ways than one; for the B. R. A. tells us that when the guns are "removed from the machine, the latter can be applied to making ditches:" also that "it can run through any ranks, either of infantry or cavalry, and open a lane fourteen feet wide." All these things, as most of our readers are aware, have been done and are likely to be done over again by the gay and dashing Irishman, from whom the idea of the Great Louisiana Iron-Horse-Artillery Wind-Gun is evidently taken.

Where are the Abolitionists?

It sounds like a revival of old times up here, to hear that a number of the most respectable merchants of New York have sent in a memorial to the Administration for a restoration of the Bonding system.

Morgan Stock.

The sporting prints say "Morgan Stock"
On every course takes skates and purses:
"Which do they mean?" inquires a "jock,"
"The *human* MORGANS or the *horses?*"

Fresh from the Provinces.

Why is a Rabbit's running, for instance, like a Moderate man's Drinking?

Because, for instance, he only does it in Bounds!

"Wise Saws."

The loyal Chicka-saws.

THE POPULAR LYRIC AT FORT SUMTER.

[The ensuing noble effusion is reported to have been read weekly to the garrison, by the inspired author, ever since the taking of the Fort. It always rouses the gallant conquerors to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

From cultivating the chivalrous mood
And our moustaches, swift to arms we sprang:
The sleepy Lincolnites in terror woke,
As in their ears the warlike clamor rang.

We knew BOB ANDERSON, a Southern man,
Would *fight!* He had good gunners too. And so
We kept our niggers strengthening our works—
Drinking, the while, destruction to the foe.

Once, twice we would have opened fire; but thought
Our chivalry would better like the sport
When we had built a few more batteries,
And said, a few more times, we'd take the fort.

At length, our whiskey-flagons getting low,
And half suspecting brag had had its day,
And feeling we were safe behind our works,
We fiercely drank all round and blazed away.

At such mad valor Mars looked on amazed!—
But why should one true Southern soldier flinch
Who battles for his property and State
And the inalienable right to lynch!

Volcanic fires of curses, shot and shell,
We rained on Sumter's stupid wooden head:
Old King Caloric was a grand ally!
For fast his nimble fingers ruin spread.

How we exulted at his thorough work!
Our hearts thrilled madly at the smoky view!
Choked, blinded, scorched, the seventy still fought on,—
Faster we fired among the desperate crew!

We conquered—'twas a noble victory!
Heaven surely smiled on our chivalric arms:
Drunk with delight, we danced through Sumter's gate,
And bade a long adieu to War's alarms.

Why do you wait, ye coward Lincolnites?
Take your revenge—we dare you to the fray!
You *know* you fear us!—mudsills that you are,
We gentlemen can whip you any day!

THE MORAL SHOW BUSINESS.

By the arrival of the side wheel steamer *Montauk*, we have advices from Brooklyn up to a very recent date. Things were entering upon a crisis, and CHITTENDEN was assuming a sort of puritanical pontifical supremacy in public and private affairs. The prospect is now that under his able directorship CHITTENDEN's moral show will soon draw as well as BEECHER's, which is located a few blocks westward. The latter admits of burlesque occasionally, however. The former not at all. CHITT. seems rather to like his new occupation, and would mayhap attend the Academy on a Sabbath evening just as willingly as he usually does Plymouth Church.

MRS. JOHN WOOD's friends are advising her to do a little Plymouth business—hire a pew and drive up in a *coupé*—for a few Sundays, just for effect. The idea is good. If carried out, CHITT. will let her play anything she or FLEMING chooses at his moral show.

When the two nights of opera are over, it is whispered that a new company of "Moral Abolition Minstrels" will discourse and recite.

Those popular persons, THEY, tell a singular story about a gentleman from Williamsburg who travelled to the city not long since, to "hear BEECHER, of course." Well, something or other led the Billysburgher astray—a pastoral sort of proceeding you know—and—but it won't do to tell it that way, because the point shows through too soon. No! THEY say that the Suburban went home delighted with HENRY and everything else. He said the preaching and singing were good, but he "felt kind o' skeered like when BEECHER whistled for a stark live ghost, and, by ginger! the critter walked right out afore him."

Perhaps Mr. B. exchanged characters with Brother DAVENPORT that night, and did *Hamlet* at the Academy for a change.

Duty on Spurious Tobacco.

We are informed that the House Election Committee has thrown out the claim of SEGAR of Virginia to a seat in Congress.

CABINET CONVERSATION PIECES.

No. 4.

SCENE.—*The Long Bridge over the Potomac.* THE PRESIDENT *discovered, attended by the* SECRETARY *of* STATE *and the* SECRETARY *of* WAR (HON. S. CAMERON,) *all out on horseback for a Constitutional ride.*

President.—Do I look graceful upon horseback, Mr. SEWARD? I have read that riding upon horseback with ease and elegance is the accomplishment of a gentlemanly cavalier, and I am naturally anxious, therefore, as the Chief Magistrate of a great Republic, to excel in it.

Sec. of State.—I hardly know, Sir; at least I would not like to say. But I suppose that, if you did not stoop forward so much, took your stirrups up a couple of holes, turned your toes more inward, squared your elbows less, and kept your hands about three feet lower, you might look a little more like the genuine article.

President.—That is a very complicated opinion, Sir, and, anyhow, I do not consider you a judge. I would appeal to Mr. CAMERON, who has lately had large experience in the buying and selling of horses. Do I look graceful upon horseback, Mr. CAMERON?

Sec. of War.—I cannot differ with Mr. SEWARD upon this question, Sir. Mr. SEWARD has ridden with the fleet Bedouins across the arid plains of the East; he has been looked upon as quite a fine horseman ever since he did that, and I expect that whatever he says upon the subject must be about right.

President.—The subject is one upon which I like my own opinion best, Sir. Therefore, I am not going to stoop forward less than I do; nor shall I take up my stirrups one hole, not to talk of two; neither shall I turn my toes a bit more inward, nor square my elbows an inch less, nor hold my hands half a foot lower. Wo ho! old horse!

Sec. of War.—What did the Boston Delegation say about me, Sir?

President.—Wo ho! old horse! They said you was a darned hard case, Mr. CAMERON. Not that they knew it of themselves, said they, but we hear, said they, the scaliest kind of stories about the Secretary of War. It was peculation and plundering and pilfering they talked about, and forty more cavalry regiments ordered than MCCLELLAN wants, all to give a chance to the horse-jockeys; and seventeen millions of dollars worth of war-notions bespoke, all to give a chance to the dealers in war-notions. And so they said that public virtue must be vindicated, and the War Department have a new head put onto it. Boston is great upon public virtue, SIMON: The hub, if old-fashioned, is respectable. Wo ho! old horse!

Sec. of War.—And did you favor a change in the Departmental head, Sir? Am I to consider mine as good as chopped off?

President.—Not yet, Sir, not exactly yet. What I said to the Boston Delegation was: "Gentlemen, it ain't no time to swap horses when we are crossing a torrent."

Sec. of State.—How grand that image! No Sheik of the swift nomades of the Eastern deserts ever let fall a finer metaphor than that 'ere!

President.—Hear me through, Sir, if you please. Says I, "It ain't no time to swap horses when we are saddle-bags—deep in a torrent, but I carry a sack at my saddle-bow, and a man called SIMON shall get it as soon as ever we touch the shallow.

Sec. of War.—One of your girths is loose, Mr. LINCOLN, and the other looks as if it was going to slip.

President.—Never mind my girths, Sir, look to your own. You may think yourself very tight in your saddle, Mr. CAMERON, but your horse will stub his toe against public virtue, yet, and pitch you over his head.

Sec. of State.—The vaticination of ABRAHAM the Prophet!

President.—In the Book from which you profess to quote, Sir, there is no prophet of that name. Had you been editor of a New York Christian journal, Mr. SEWARD, your want of familiarity with the Scriptures might have been less a matter of surprise: but, as I was saying to Mr. CAMERON, public virtue may trip him up yet, You appear to have an all-fired large crowd of particular friends. Mr. CAMERON: but, like the Friend with many Hairs in the fable, you may come out at the small end of the horn yet.

Sec. of State.—It was the Hare with many Friends that did it, Sir, if you remember, and not the other man.

President.—Wo ho! old horse! I do not want to split hairs with you, Mr. SEWARD, and, besides, I was addressing my remarks to the Secretary of War. It is about time that you pulled up, or simmered down, Mr. CAMERON. Wo ho! old horse!

Sec. of War.—Your horse appears to give you trouble, Sir. Suppose you exchange him for mine.

President.—Not if I know it, Sir. My horse carries Cæsar and the destinies of a mighty Republic: your's carries ——

Sec. of War.—Whom? whither?

President.—A Minister to Rooshy. I am re[ved what to do, IMON; I will send you to St. Petersburg, w[re you may serve nobly the cause of your country at the Court of [Kezzar. Examples must be made, once in a while, else may t[public virtue of Boston bile over, burying us beneath its eruptiv[coals like another Pompaneum and Herculei.

Sec. of War.—Let Pennsylvania weep! Is [is a sentence of eternal exile for her favorite son?

President.—A moral Sibeery for that man, [r. And yet the place has its recommendations, Mr. CAMERON. There is a good odor there, Sir—Odor. Remember what the p[says:

"Siberian odors from the spiky shore[ ]"

etsetterer.

Sec. of State.—MILTON, by thunder! slightly[ered to fit. How everlasting smart!

President.—That is my business, Sir. Wo ho[old horse! They transact conversation in French, I understand, [t the Court of the Kezzar. You are some on French, I guess, Mr. [AMERON. I know a little French, myself, and have been to Terre [Haute in Indiany, which means high ground, you know, Mr. C[ERON, and that is what I felt myself called upon to take with you.

Sec. of War.—I have no French, Mr. LINCOLN.

President.—BILL SEWARD will teach it to y[in no time. The New York correspondent of the London *He*[ld says, sweetly: "Mr. SEWARD comprehends the general meanin[of French words."

Sec. of State.—This bridge appears terribly lo[: I wish we were well across it.

Sec. of War.—It is a Bridge of Sighs for me.

President.—Yes, Sir, that is about the S[e of it. I would counsel you to send in your resignation, at one[I think it would be a graceful and manly act if you were to sen[it in by mail on a roller.

Sec. of War.—Hang this long bridge!—her[goes to gallop the rest of it!

President.—Wo ho! old horse!

LADIES AND LEGISLATO[RS.]

Gay and gallant are adjectives truly applica[to our State Legislature at Albany, unless we have been misin[formed with regard to the motives at work there on the late occasi[on of "drawing for seats"—a well-known preliminary to the busin[ess of a new session. Says a correspondent of one of the dailies: "[In the command of the view of the ladies' gallery was as usual the mot[ive which governed selections." Also: "Mr. MCLEOD got a pla[ce next MCMULLEN, but was badly perplexed because the clerk's st[and hid the Speaker from him, and the chandelier shut away the la[dies' seats." Also: Rev. Mr. PYNE found himself at the Speaker[']s extreme left in a group of old members, with two-thirds of the [house under his eye, and a galaxy of ladies in the vista."

From the above it appears that the Shafts[aimed by the Beaux of the Albany Legislature are not always [intended to hit the Speaker's ear, and that, when some orator seem[s intent only upon catching that gentleman's eye, he is really d[oing a bit of oculo-magnetic telegraph with some fair occupant o[f the ladies' gallery. The importance of obtaining a seat in comma[nd of that celestial sanctuary must, therefore, be obvious to th[e meanest capacity. The distress of those members who failed in d[oing so is rending to the human heart-strings. Think of poor Mr. [MCLEOD, for instance, debarred by the jealous chandelier from sharin[g with it the felicity of lighting up the ladies' retreat! The looking [glass which Mr. MCLEOD has had so ingeniously adjusted to the cro[wn of his hat inside; the pocket-comb upon which the nation so m[uch depended; the white cambric *mouchoir*, with which signals [equally effective in love as in war might, under more favorable [circumstances, have been communicated—all, all are rendered vai[n and valueless by a lottery over which neither love, nor war, no[r legislature has any control. The sympathy of the public is requ[ested for Mr. MCLEOD.

Rev. PYNE, who has got a "galaxy of ladi[es in the vista," contemplates doing a good ogle business this Sess[ion, and has made a contract with a barber for having his hair [dressed three times a day, accordingly.

A Canine Conundrum.

Q.—When ought a dog to be a very welcom[e addition to a circle in which the solemn element predominates?

A.—When his tail is a-Wag with fun.

"Why the Saxonia did not stop [ ] Cowes."

To avoid frightening JOHN BULL'S Calves.

SAYS PRIVATE MAGUIRE.

I MUST beg the pardon of Private MAGUIRE, of the —— New York Regiment, for thus publicly putting his sentiments into verse. The following lyric will assure him that I have not forgotten how generously he shared his scanty blanket with me, one terrible night in the Virginia woods, when a blanket was worth fifty dollars an inch.

I.

"OCH! it is nate to be captain or colonel,
Divil a bit would I want to be higher,
But to rust as a private I think's an infernal
Predicament surely," says Private MAGUIRE.

II.

"*They* can go sparkin' and playin' at billiards,
With money to spend for their slightest desire,
Loafin', and atin', and dhrinkin' at WILLARD'S
While *we're* on on the pickets," says Private MAGUIRE.

III.

"Livin' in clover, they think it's a thrifle
To stand out all night in the rain and the mire,
And a rebel hard by with a villianous rifle
Jist ready to pop ye," says Private MAGUIRE.

IV.

"Faith, now, it's not that I'm afther complainin':
I'm spilin' to meet ye, JEFF DAVIS, Esquire!
Ye blag-gard!—it's only I'm weary of thrainin',
And thrainin', and thrainin'," says Private MAGUIRE.

V.

"O Lord, for a row!—but, MAGUIRE, be aisy,
Keep yourself sweet for the inemy's fire,
McCLELLAN's the saplin' that shortly will plaze ye,
Be the holy ST. PATHRICK!" says Private MAGUIRE.

VI.

"And, lad, if ye're hit, (O, bedad, that infernal
JIMMY O'DOWD would make up to MARIA!)
Whether ye're captain or major or colonel
Ye'll die with the best, then!" says Private MAGUIRE.

T. B. ALDRICH.

PRYOR REDIVIVUS.

Ever since the disgusting after-dinner exhibition of drivelling flunkeyism made by Captain WILLIAMS of H. B. M. Royal Navy, before the Yacht-Club fellows who amused themselves with him anent the *Trent* affair, we have been waiting with some impatience to see which of our daily papers would build up and perfect the foundation laid by that superannuated mariner.

It was too good a hit to lose; and, knowing the predilections of journalistic jackals, we felt sure that some one must clutch the bait so temptingly held forth.

It remained for the *Tribune*.

The chivalrous and tender are favorite subjects of ridicule and ribaldry with that journal. The advocacy of a slave-insurrection proves how willing it is to use the meanest and filthiest of weapons, long discarded by all generous foes. Can it be esteemed wonderful, then, that the accidental introduction of a woman . . . a young girl . . . upon the stage of the *Trent* drama, could escape the carrion-loving philosophers of Printing-House Square? Hardly; and in the daily issue of Jan. 3rd., they gloat, and leer, and glower with undisguised joy, over the misfortunes and folly of Miss SLIDELL. What WILLIAMS, drunk with wine and flattery, began, the *Tribune* finishes.

This is "visiting the sins of the father upon the child," with a vengeance. It has been proven that, in the technicality of International Law, we have no right to interfere with SLIDELL, *père*; so the virtuous and philanthropic *Tribune* . . . organ of the Rights of Woman and GREELEY . . . makes it square by assaulting his young daughter. It is funny over her "agony," and mirthfully hiccups about her "hysterics." It fancifully arraigns her for assault and battery, and fines her five shillings at the Tombs. It delicately supposes her to have been training by "hard practice upon DINAH, and TOPSEY, and PHYLLIS;" paints her with her "little hands covering well her mug and peepers," and is very witty, very brilliant, very shameless and very dastardly throughout the whole article.

It was the gallant fire-eating and whiskey-devouring brave of Virginia, ROGER A. PRYOR, who distinguished himself for blackguardism among a Congress of blackguards two years ago, by exactly the same line of business. Now that PRYOR shivers over the smouldering camp-fire of rebellion, and his high-toned ribaldry can no longer delectate the North, the *Tribune* joyfully volunteers to fill his place. PRYOR, when he wished to show his antagonism to the principles of the *Herald*, attacked and calumniated, in public, the estimable lady of its proprietor. The *Tribune*, wishing to show its hatred of the rebellious schemes in which SLIDELL is interested, serves up that person's daughter as a dainty editorial tid-bit, and unveils her to a grinning public with the vulgar slang of the police-court, the prize-ring, and the grog-shop, as a running commentary.

This War must be fought by two Powers; the Army, and the Press. So far, the Army has shown wisdom, moderation, and decency . . . even delicacy . . . The Press, and we as journalists blush to say it . . . has been the first to indulge in extreme measures; in intemperate anger; in meanness and cowardice. The *Tribune* is at the head of the Billingsgate horde at present, and if the example is to be followed, we shall expect a resurrection of the "*Daily Hand*," the "*Broadway Belle*," "*Life in Boston*" and the "*Day-Book!*" Heaven forbid!

END-MAN BRADY.

Next to a hippopotamus in good spirits, there is nothing more ludicrous than a funny Alderman; or, speaking more to the purpose, than an Alderman who fancies himself to be funny. They have got such an Alderman in the Corporation of this City; and if the Board of Aldermen were a segment of negro minstrels, as it might be without in any way detracting from its success as a pleasant exhibition, we should suppose that Mr. BRADY, the Alderman in question, would be one of its most popular "end men." At a meeting of the Board a week since, Alderman BRADY, who very properly objects to all the rest of the Board and everything suggested by any other member of it, had his little kick at the Press, which did not knock it over, however, nor break any of the crockery, because it was a *very* little kick. He only said, "I don't ask any favors of the Press. They don't any of them like me." This was ungracious of BRADY, seeing that We think a sight of him, and are likely to patronize him greatly whenever we want a good article of tom-foolery. We say "tom-foolery," without the last reserve, and here is a specimen of it as delivered by End-man BRADY, of the Board of Municipal Minstrels. Opposing a motion for printing certain bills of the State Legislature, he said that he not only "knew the Legislature could be bought, but that he had been up to Albany, himself, last year, and bought it up." To a question as to how much it cost him to do it, End-man BRADY replied: "Well, sir, I took up $6,000, and slept on it between two beds at the Delavan House. I had to come down to get $2,000 more." The riddle contained in these words is quite in accordance with the character of the "end-man." But our solution of it may not be altogether agreeable to End-man BRADY, viz., that his expression "between two beds" contains a presentiment of the "tight place" in which he will probably find himself between the Senate and Assembly, when he goes up before them on a question of privilege.

One of the funniest sallies of End-man BRADY's wit lies in the idea propounded by him that the State Legislature could be bought up for the paltry sum of eight thousand dollars.

Contradictory, but Consolatory.

The Navy Department expects the Mississippi Expedition to succeed, because it has put its FOOTE in it.

Motto for the Stone Fleet.

Vivat Wrecks!